THE ERIE OBSERVER.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor. | ☞ONWARD.☜ | $1 50 A YEAR, in Advance.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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BUTTER WANTED.—500 firkins good Dairy Butter wanted in exchange for Cash or Goods. J. H. FULLERTON.

LARGE lot of Bonnets, just received per Express by June 1. J. H FULLERTON.

Poetry and Miscellany.

THE LIBERIA BEACON.*

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

A thousand miles of rugged shore,
And not a light house seen?
Alas! the thousand years of yore
That such a shame had been!
Alas! that Afric's darkling race,
The savages and slaves,
Never have known a gleam of grace
On their South-Western waves!

Never, 'till Now? O glorious light—
The beacon is a blaze!
And half the terrors of the night
Are scattered by its rays!
Forth from the starry-heavened West
Was lit this glorious torch,—
For, dear Columbia's sons have blest
Liberia with a Church!

Yes—young Columbia leads the way,
And shows our hard old world
How slavery in the sight of day
Can wisest be downburl'd:
Not by the bloody hand of power
That mangles while it frees,
But by Religion's calmer hour,
And Freedom of the seas!

Yes, brothers! Patience is the word—
And Prudence, in your zeal;
Where these sweet angels well are heard
They work the common weal;
The North must *wait;* the South be *wise;*
And both unite in love
To help the slave beneath the skies
That is no slave above!

*Written upon being informed that an Episcopal church had been erected at Bassa Cove, in Liberia.

FATHER AND SON.
A THRILLING STORY.

From Dickins' Household Words.

One evening in the month of March, 1798—that dark time in Ireland's annals whose memory (overlooking all minor subsequent *emules*) is still preserved among us, as "the year of the rebellion"—a lady and gentleman were seated near a blazing fire in the old-fashioned dining room of a large lonely mansion. They had just dined; wine and fruit were on the table, both untouched, while Mr. Hewson and his wife sat silently gazing at the fire, watching its flickering light becoming gradually more vivid as short spring twilight faded into darkness.

At length the husband poured out a glass of wine *drank it off, and then broke silence,* by saying—

"Well, well, Charlotte, these are awful times; there were ten men taken up to-day for burning Cotter's house at Knockane; and Tom Dyer says that every magistrate in the country is a marked man."

Mrs. Hewson cast a frightened glance towards the windows, which opened nearly to the ground, and gave a view of a wide, tree-be-sprinkled lawn, through whose center a long, straight avenue led to the high road. There was also a foot path at either sides of the house, branching off thro' close thickets of trees and reaching the road by a circuitous route.

"Listen, James!" she said, after a pause; what noise is that?"

"Nothing but the signing of the wind among the trees. Come wife, you must not give way to imaginary fears."

"But really, I heard something like footsteps on the gravel, round the gable-end—I wish"—

A knock at the parlor door interrupted her.

"Come in."

The door opened, and Tim Graham, Mr. Hewson's confidential steward and right-hand man, entered, followed by a fair-haired delicate looking boy of six years old, dressed in deep mourning.

"Well, Gahan, what do you want?"

"I ask your Honor's pardon for disturbing you and the mistress; but I *thought* it right to come and tell you the bad news I heard."

"Something about the rebels, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; I got a whisper just now that there's going to be a rising intirely, to-morrow; thousands are to gather before day break at Kilcrean bog, where I'm am told they've a power of pikes hiding; and then they've to march on and sack every house in the he country. I'll engage, when I heard it, I did'nt let grass grow under my feet, but came off streight to your Honor, thinking maybe you'd like to walk over to Mr. Warren's and settle with him what's best to be done."

"Oh, James I beseech you, don't thing of going."

"Make your mind easy, Charlotte; I don't intend it; not that I suppose there would be much risk; but, all things considered, I think I'm just as comfortable at home."

The steward's brow darkened, as he glanced nervously towards the end window, which jutting out in the gable, formed a deep angle in the outer wall.

"Of course 'tis just as your Honor pleases, but I'll warrant you, there would be no harm in going. Come, Billy," he added addressing the child, who by this time was standing close to Mrs. Hewson, "make your bow, and bid good night to master and mistress."

The boy did not stir, and Mrs. Hewson taking his little hand in hers, said—

"You need not go home for half an hour, Gahan; stay and have a chat with the servants in the kitchen and leave Billy with me—and with apples and nuts,—she added smilingas she filled the child's hand with fruit.

"Thank you, ma'am," said the steward hastily, "I can't stop—I'm in a hurry home, where I wanted to leave this brat to-night; but he *would* follow me. Come, Billy; come this minute, you young rogue."

Still the child looked reluctant, and Mr. Hewson said peremptorily—

"Don't go yet, Gahan; I want to speak to you by and by; and you know the mistress always likes to pet little Billy."

Without replying, the steward left the room; and the next moment his hasty footsteps resounded through the long flagged passage that led to the offices.

"There's something strange about Gahan since his wife died," remarked Mrs. Hewson. "I suppose 'tis grief for her that makes him look so darkly, and seem almost jealous when any one speaks to his child. Poor little Billy! your mother was a sore loss to you."

The child's blue eyes filled with tears, and pressed closer to the lady's side, as he said:

"Old Peggy does'nt wash and dress me so nicely as mamma used."

"But your father is good to you?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, but he is out all day busy, and I've no one to talk to me as mamma used; for Peggy is quite deaf, and besides she is always busy with the pigs and chickens."

"I wish I had you, Billy, to take care of and to teach, for your poor mother's sake."

"And so you may, Charlotte," said her husband. "I'm sure Gahan, with all his odd ways, is too sensible a fellow not to know how much it would be for his child's benefit to be brought up and educated by us—the boy would be an amusement to us in this lonely house. I'll speak to him about it before he goes home. Billy, my fine fellow, come here," he continued, "jump upon my knee, and tell me if you'd like to live here always and learn to read and write."

"I would, sir, if I could be with father too."

"So you shall;—and what about old Peggy?"

The child paused—

"I'd like to give a pen'worth of snuff and a piece of tobacco every week, for she said the other day that would make her quite happy."

Mr. Hewson laughed, and Billy prattled on, seated on his knee; when a noise of footsteps on the ground mingled with low suppressed talking, was heard outside.

"James, listen! there's noise again."

It was now nearly dark, but Mr. Hewson still holding the boy in his arms, walked towards the window and looked out.

"I can see nothing," he said, "stay—there are figures moving off among the trees, and a man running round to the back of the house—very like Gahan he is too!"

Seizing the bell-rope, he rang it loudly, and said to the servant who answered his summons—

"Fasten the shutters and put up the bars, Connell, and then tell Gahan I want to see him."

The man obeyed; candles were brought, and Gahan entered the room.

Mr. Hewson remarked that though his cheeks were flushed, his lips were very white, and his bold dark eyes were cast on the ground.

"What took you round the house just now, Tim?" asked the master in a careless manner.

"What took me round the house, is it? Why, then, nothing in life, sir, but that just as I went out side the kitchen door to take a smoke, I saw the pigs that Shaneen forgot to put up in their stye, making right for mistress' flower garden; so I just put my *dudheen* lightning as it was, into my pocket, and ran after them. I caught them on the grand walk under the end window, and, indeed, ma'am, I had my own share of work turning them back to their proper spear."

Gahan spoke with unusual volubility, but without raising his eyes from the ground.

"Who were the people," asked his master, "whom I saw *moving through the western grove*"

"People! your Honor—not a sign of any people moving there, I'll be bound, barring the pigs."

"Then," said Hewson, smilling, to his wife, the miracle of Circe must have been reversed, and swine turned into men; for, undoubetly, the dark figures I saw *there were human beings.*"

"Come Billy," said Gahan, anxious to turn the conversation, "will you come home with me now. I am sure it was very good of the mistress to give you all them fine apples."

Mrs. Hewson was going to propose Billy's remaining, but her husband whispered: "Wait till to-morrow." So Gahan and his child were allowed to depart.

Next mornings the magistrates of the districts were on the alert, and several suspicious looking men found lurking about were taken up. A hat which fitted one of them was picked up in Mr. Hewson's grove; the gravel under the end window bore many signs of trampling feet; and there were marks on the wall as if guns had rested against it. Gahan's information touching the intended meeting at Kilcrean bog proved to be totally without foundation; and after a careful search not a single pike or weapon of any description could be found there. All these circumstances combined certainly looked suspicious; but after a prolonged investigation, as no guilt could actually be brought home to Gahan, he was dismissed. One of his examiners, however, said privately, "I advise you to take care of that fellow, Hewson. If I were in your place, I'd just trust him as far as I could throw him, and not an inch beyond."

An indolent, hospitable Irish country gentleman, such as Mr. Hewson, is never without an always shrewd and often roguish prime minister who saves his master the trouble of looking after his own affairs, and manages everything that is to be done in both the home and foreign departments—from putting a new door on the big-stye to letting a farm of an hundred acres on lease. Now in this, or rather these capacities, Gahan, had long served Mr. Hewson; and some seven years previous to the evening on which our story commences, he had strengthened the tie and increased his influence considerably by marrying Mrs. Hewson's favorite and faithful maid. One child was the result of this union; and Mrs. Hewson, who had no family of her own, took much interest in little Billy,—more especially after the death of his mother, who, poor thing! the neighbors said was not very happy, and would gladly, if she dared, have changed her lonely cottage for the easy service of her former mistress.

Thus, though for a time Mr. and Mrs. Hewson regarded Gahan with some doubt, the feeling gradually wore away, and the steward regained his former influence.

After the lapse of a few stormy months the rebellion was quelled: all the prisoners taken up were severally disposed of by hanging, transportation or acquitted, according to the nature and amount of the evidence brought against them; and the country became as peaceful as it is in the volcanic nature of our Irish soil ever to be.

The Hewson's kindness towards Gahan's child was steady and unchanged. They took him into their house and gave him a plain but solid education; so that William, while yet a boy, was enabled to be of some use to his patron, and daily enjoyed more and more of his confidence.

Another evening, the twentieth anniversary of that with which this narative commenced, came round. Mr. and Mrs. Hewson were still hale and active, dwelling in their hospitable home. About eight o'clock at night, Tim Gahan, now a stooping grey-haired man, entered Mr. Hewson's kitchen and took his seat on the corner of the settle next to the fire.

The cook directing a silent and significant glance of compassion towards hand fellow-servants said:

"Would you like a drink of cider, Tim, or will you wait, and take a cup of tay with myself and Kitty?"

The old man's eyes were fixed on the fire, and a wrinkled hand was planted firmly on each knee, as if to check their involuntary trembling. "I'll not drink anything this night thank you kindly, Nelly," he said, in a low, musing manner, dwelling long on each word.

"Where's Billy?" he asked, after a pause, in a quick hurried tone, looking up suddenly to the cook, with an expression in his eyes, which as she afterwards said, "took away her breath."

"Oh, never heed Billy! I suppose he's busy with the master."

"Where's the use, Nelly," said the coachman, "in hiding it from him! Sure sooner or later he must know it. Tim," he continued, "God knows 'tis sorrow to my heart this blessed night to make yours sore—but the truth is that William has done what he oughtn't to do to the man that was all one as a father to him.

"*What has he done?* What will you *dare say* again my boy?"

"Taken money then," replied the coachman, "that the master had marked and put in his desk; for he suspected this some time past that gold was missing. This morning 'twas gone; a search was made, and the marked guineas were found with your son William."

The old man covered his face with his hands, and *rocked himself to and fro.*

"Where is he now?" at length he asked, in a hoarse voice.

"Locked up safe in the inner store-room, the master intends sending him to goal early to-morrow morning."

"He will not," said Gahan slowly. "Kill the boy that saved his life!—no, no."

"Poor fellow! the grief is setting his mind astray—and sure no wonder!" said the cook compassionately.

"I'm not astray!" cried the old man, fiercely.

"Where's the master!—take me to him."

"Come with me," said the butler, "and I'll ask him to see you."

With faltering steps the father complied; and when they reached the parlor, he trembled exceedingly, and leaned against the wall for support, while the butler opened the door, and said:

"Gahan is here, sir, and wants to know whether you will let him speak to you for a minute?"

"Tell him to come in," said Mr. Hewson in a solemn tone of sorrow, very different from his ordinary cheerful voice.

"Sir," said the steward, advancing, "they tell me you are going to send my boy to prison—is it true?"

"Too true, indeed, Gahan. The lad who was reared in my house, whom my wife watched over in health, and nursed in sickness—whom we loved almost as if he were our own, has *robbed* us, and that *not once, or twice, but many times.* He is silent and sullen too, and refuses to tell why he stole the money, which was never withheld from him when he wanted it. I can make nothing of him, and must only give him up to justice in the morning.

"No, sir, no. The boy saved your life; you can't take his."

"You're raving, Gahan."

"Listen to me, sir, and you won't say so. You remember this night twenty years? I came here with my motherless child, and yourself and the mistress pitied us, and spoke loving words to him.—Well for us all you did so! That night—little you thought it!—I was banded with them that were sworn to take your life. They were watching you outside the window, and I was sent to inveigle you out, that they might shoot you. A faint heart I had for the bloody business, for you were ever and always a good master to me; but I was under an oath to them that I darn't break, supposing they ordered me to shoot my own mother. Well! the hand of God was over you, and you wouldn't come with me. I ran out to them, and I said—

"Boys, if you want to shoot him, you must do it through the window," thinking they'd be afraid of that; but they weren't—they were daring fellows, and one of them sheltered by the angle of the window, took deadly aim at you. That very moment you took Billy on your knee, and I saw his fair head in a line with the musket. I don't know exactly then what I said or did, but I remember I caught the man's hand, threw it up and pointed to the child.—Knowing I was a determined man, I believe they didn't wish to provoke me; so they watched you for a while, and when you didn't put him down they got daunted, hearing the sound of soldiers riding by the road and they stole away through the grove. Most of that gang swung on the gallows, but the last of them died this morning quietly in his bed. Up to yesterday he used to make me give him money—sums of money to buy his silence—and it was for that I made my boy a thief. It was wearing out his very life. Often he went down on his knees to me, and said; Father I'd die myself sooner than rob my master, but I can't see you disgraced. Oh, let us fly the country! Now, sir, I have told you all—do what you like with me—send me to the jail, I deserve it—but spare my poor deluded innocent boy!"

It would be difficult to describe Mr. Hewson's feelings, but his wife's first impulse was to hasten to liberate the prisoner. With a few incoherent words of explanation, she led him into the presence of his master, who looking at him sorrowfully, but kindly, said:

"William, you have erred deeply, but not so deeply as I supposed. Your father has told me everything. I forgive him freely and you also."

The young man covered his face with his hands, and wept tears more bitter and abundant than he had ever shed since the day when he followed his mother to the grave. He could say little, but he knelt on the ground, and clasping the kind hand of her who had supplied to *him that mother's place, he murmured;*

"Well, *you* told him I would rather die than sin again"

Old Gahan died two years afterwards, truly penitent, *invoking blessings on his son and on his benefactors;* and the young man's conduct, now no longer under evil influence, was so steady and so upright, that his adopted parents felt that their pious work was rewarded, and that in William Gahan they had indeed a son.

☞ "What are the chief ends of man?" asked a Sunday School teacher of one of his pupils. "Head and feet," was the prompt reply. The teacher fainted.

A Prose Poem.

There is an old yew tree which stands by the wall in a dark quiet corner of the church-yard.

And a child was at play beneath its wide-spreading branches, one fine day in the early spring. He had his lap full of flowers, which the fields and lanes had supplied him with, and he was humming a tune to himself as he wove them into garlands.

And a little girl at play among the tomb-stones crept near to listen; but the boy was so intent upon his garland, that he did not hear the gentle footsteps, as they trod softly over the fresh green grass. When his work was finished, and all the flowers that were in his lap were woven together in one long wreath, he started up to measure its length upon the ground, and then he saw the little girl, as she stood with her eyes fixed upon him. He did not move or speak, but thought to himself that she looked very beautiful as she stood there with her flaxen ringlets hanging down upon her neck. The little girl was so startled by his sudden movement, that she let fall all the flowers she had collected in her apron, and ran away as fast as she could. But the boy was older and taller than she, and soon caught her, and coaxed her to come back and play with him, and help him to make more garlands; and from that time they saw each other nearly every day, and became great friends.

Twenty years passed away. Again, he was seated beneath the old yew tree in the church-yard.

It was summer now; bright, beautiful summer, with the birds singing, and the flowers covering the ground, and scenting the air with their perfume.

But he was not alone now, nor did the little girl steal near on tiptoe, fearful of being heard. She was seated by his side, and his arm was round her, and she looked up into his face, and smiled as she whispered: "The first evening of our lives we were ever together was passed here; we will spend the first evening of our wedded life in the same quiet, happy place." And he drew her closer to him as she spoke.

The summer is gone; and the autumn; and twenty more summers and autumns have passed away *since that evening, in the old church-yard.*

A young man, on a bright mooulight night, comes reeling through the little white gate, and stumbling over the graves. He shouts and he sings, and is presently followed by others like unto himself, or worse. So, they all laugh at the dark solemn head of the yew tree, and throw stones up at the place where the moon has silvered the boughs.

Those same boughs are again silvered by the moon, and they droop over his mother's grave.—There is a little stone which bears this inscription:

"HER HEART BROKE IN SILENCE."

But the silence of the church-yard is now broken by a voice—not of the youth—nor a voice of laughter and ribaldry.

"My son! dost thou see this grave? and dost thou read the record in anguish, whereof may come repentence?"

"Of what should I repent?" answers the son; "and why should my young ambition for fame relax in its strength because my mother was old and weak?"

"Is this indeed our son?" says the father, bending in agony over the grave of his beloved.

"I can well believe I am not," exclaimeth the youth. "It is well that you have brought me here to say so. Our natures are unlike; our courses must be opposite. Your way lieth here—mine yonder!"

So the son left the father kneeling by the grave.

Again a few years are passed. It is winter, with a roaring wind and a thick gray fog. The graves in the church-yard are covered with snow, and there are great icicles in the church porch. The wind now carries a swathe of snow along the tops of the graves, as though the "sheeted dead" were at some melancholy play; and hark! the icicles fall with a crash and a jingle, like a solemn mockery of the echo of the unseemly mirth of one who is now coming to his final rest.

There are two graves near the old yew tree, and the grass has overgrown them. A third is close by, and the dark earth at each side has just been thrown up. The bearers come; with a heavy pace they move along; the coffin heaveth up and down, as they step over the intervening graves.

Grief and old age had seized upon the father, and worn out his life; and premature decay soon seized upon the sun, and gnawed away his vain ambition, and his useless strength, till he prayed to be borne, not the way yonder that was most opposite to his mother, but even the same way they had gone—the way which leads to the Old Church-yard Tree.

The Widow.

The Boston Post is responsible for the following:

Is there any character in life so interesting as a young and beautiful widow? Not a flirty, coquettish one, who, even, amid her sorrows has an eye to future wedded happiness with another, but one with a genuine heart, wedded to her husband's urn, pensive, but not sad, her grief softened to a placidness:

"——————devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast and demure."

I met one of this fashion last week. Her sorrows had served to soften her charms, as age mellows a picture. Her brilliant eyes, which I have oftentime seen dance for joy, had lost none of their power, but they were more subdued—they seemed to be looking beyond the grave; longing to join her leige lord in one eternal bliss of wedded love!

"When your good husband died," said I, "earth lost a bright ornament, but heaven gained a saint." A tear of sorrow stood in the widow's eye, but a gleam of religious hope and resignation melted it away. "I need not tell you," continued I, "that search the wide world, you cannot find his fellow—you already know that full well."

The fair bereaved one clutched my hand convulsively; I had touched the right cord—nature burst forth—a very torrent of tears gushed from her eyes—like unto an earthquake heaved her breast—even the "counterfeit presentment" of Niobe, upon her came and seemed to catch the "soft infection," and rain alabaster tears! and in sweet and broken accents the beautiful mourner thus sobbed out—"I'll bet I do!"

☞ The following lines from a source unknown, (the more to be regretted) are sublimely powerful:

My dearest wife, fair Martha Ann,
I fondly trusted—
She fled my roof with another man,
And my lone heart *busted!*

☞ Fainting has become unfashionable. Any young lady who is guilty of it hereafter, will be set down as a "horrid bore."

Employed the wrong Man.

There may be still living a few among the "oldest inhabitants" of a country village in the southern of this State, who will remember the following rather humorous story. Some twenty years ago, among the residents of the village alluded to, were two men who resembled each other somewhat in their general appearance—each weighing about two hundred, and both of them as capable of enjoying a good joke as such portly old gentleman generally are. But while it was the boisness of one to preach against the sin of indulging a propensity of "tripping the light fantastic toe," the other was celebrated for his skill in furnishing the nescessary music occasions when on that particular sin—so considered by some—was to be enacted.

While the Dominie was one day leisurely walking along the streets, a couple of darkies approached him, one of them remarking to the other. "That's him, now; I know him, for I've seen him often." "Well, speak to him, then," says the other. "No, Pete, you speak to him."

Noticing that they wished to hold some intercourse with him, the Dominie turned round and said:

"Did you wish to speak to me?"

"Yes sare; we wanted to know if you be particularly engaged next Monday evening?"

"No I believe not," replied Mr. N. (the idea of a wedding fee immediately presenting itself, and which was not to be slighted on account of the color of the parties.) "What is it you want?"

"We wanted you, if you were 'customed to officiate for colored pussons, who are willing to pay, to come next Monday evening to the red house next de toll gate."

"Oh, yes, its not my practice to refuse any one on such occasions. At what hour do you wish me to come?"

"Early candle-light, Massa, if you please—we've not had anything of dat kind in a good while."

"Very well; I'll be there," replied the Dominie, as he turned on his heel, thinking the remark that they had nothing of that kind in a good while, meant that no wedding had transpired among them in a long time.

True to his appointment, Dominie N. was at the house designated, in time. The door opened into the principle room of the house, around which sat some twenty or thirty of Africa's sable children dressed in their very best. According to the instructions they had received from one of their number, they all arose on his entrance. He took a proffered seat, which was behind a little desk at one end of the room, for a moment, and then remarked, if the parties were ready, they had better immediately take their places.

In a moment all was bustle and confusion.—While some removed the chairs from the room, eight couple formed as if for a quadrille. The Dominie stared around in utter amazement, when he who had been spokesman in engaging him at the village a few days before, coming up to him, his mouth grinning from ear to ear, said, "Mista Fuse, habbent you brought your fiddle with you? We habbent got one here."

"Fuse! fiddle! what do you mean?" exclaimed the Dominie—the whole affair beginning to dawn on his always quick mind—"is this not to be a wedding?"

"Oh, no, Massa Fuse, we should hab the *Dominie* here first, if we had a wedding!"

The Dominie saw at a glance that he was fairly *sold,* and with simply giving the fellow his name and occupation, which had about the same effect among the darkies as if a bomb-shell had dropped among them, he rushed from the house.

But the joke was too good a one to remain a secret, and the Dominie had to tell it to some of his fun loving congregation—who will laugh till this day about their minister's going to fiddle at a darkie ball.—*Albany Argus.*

Woman's Prerogative.

We heard a story the other day which may be worth repeating. It was of a very amiable and very voluble married lady. She took her seat in the railroad car, beside her husband, and departed from our city for the ancient town of Bladensburg. Before the cars were well under way, she discovered on the seat before her an old female acquaintance, and as soon as the formalities of delighted recognition were over, they began a conversation, if that can be deemed such wherein one party is sole talker and the other sole listener! Suddenly the cars stopped.

"We are at Bladensburg my dear," said the husband of the voluble lady!

"Oh, my," said she, and on she went in continuation of her attenuated narrative.

"Step out my dear," said the husband.

"Just wait;" said the lady parenthetically; and on spun the thread of her story.

"The cars are starting, my dear," said the indulgent husband.

"Ask them to stop one minute," said the eloquent lady.

"Chew-chew-chew!" began the enginery.

"You'll be carried to Baltimore," shouted the bewildered husband, as he appeared to recede in the distance.

"Oh, oh!" screamed the lady.

"Oh, oh, oh! the lady's husband's left," shouted some of the passengers.

"I don't think the lady herself's *right,*" replied a gentleman who had a note to take up that day at the Union Bank, in Baltimore.

"Oh my! let me out!" screamed the distressed lady.

"By *all* manner of means," said the gentleman who was staring at the apparition of a protest.

"Give me your hand, ma'am, quick," said the conductor, as he jumped the lady to the side of the road, and in an instant regained the platform.

"You've got a long mile to foot it backwards, you have," shouted a young gentleman from the car window. But just as the noise of the enginery began to grow quick again, with its "chew-chew-chew chew,' the lady ran up to the side of the car, opposite where she had been sitting, and shouted to her acquaintance inside—

"And sure enough, Mrs. Twaddle, they went off without waiting for tea, and the Simpkinses have never darkened the Rogerses' blessed doors since that day! and here she fell down and fainted, where, in due time, her distressed husband found her.—*Republic.*

Pennsylvania and the Peace Measures.

From the Albany Argus.

Brilliant and glorious as is the triumph of the Democracy in the Key-stone State—its importance and significancy would be underrated, if regarded only as the complete redemption of another sovereign state, and the transfer of its entire government into democratic hands. The results are such as democrats every where—the friends of conciliation and peace, the integrity and perpetuity of the Union, have a right to rejoice at, and will rejoice.

Not only have the democrats carried a decided majority in the Legislature, their Canal Commissioner, Auditor General and Surveyor General, by commanding majorities—but they have elected a large majority of the Congressional delegation—in this respect, not only reversing, party-wise, the position of the state in the national councils, but taking especial care also, in sifting the delegation, *to discriminate* against those of their representaitves who took ground against the great measures of Adjustment which have done so much towards restoring amicable relations between *the different* sections of the confederacy. See with what precision the electors of the districts have put their mark of disapprobation on those who in the late crisis, stood out against all compromise and all adjustment.

Take the fugitive bill—the measure which has drawn out such denunciations; and which has been held up to odium, and those who voted for it, in Pennsylvania and out of it—glance over vote on that bill, andsee howthey stand at home, who voted against it, and *vice versa*.

Mr. Levin, native, who is defeated, did not vote on that bill.

Freedly, whig, who voted against it, is beaten also.

Robbins, dem. who voted for the bill, is re-elected.

So is Ross, dem., who also voted in favor of the bill.

Stevens, whig, who voted against the bill, is now barely elected in the strong whig county of Lancaster. He was elected in '48 by a majority of more than 4,000.

Dimmick, dem., who voted in favor of the bill is re-elected.

So is McLanahan, democrat, who voted for the bill.

Ogle, whig, who did not vote on the bill, but against all the peace measures, is defeated.

Dickey, whig, who voted against the bill, is beaten. The county of Chester, generally good 600 or 700 whig majority, elects, Dr. Morrison, dem, by 70.

The district represented by Calvin, whig, who voted against the bill, has now gone democratic.

These are some of the significant results of the late contest in Pennsylvania. They gratifying evidence of the deep-rooted attachment of the people to the Union, and of their aversion to sectionalism in all its phases. The Pennsylvanian noticing the prediction of "Ion," the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, that "the anti-slavery gall" would operate to give the whigs a majority of the congressional delegation in Pennsylvana, thus characterizes the actual result.

"Ion may now compare the reality with his prediction. The democrats of Pennsylvania have already gained five members of Congress, and lost but one; and we begin to look for still other gains in other districts. The anti-slavery gall has not swayed the people of this state from the true faith. On the contrary, the National Democratic platform was adhered to in this state, in the midst of the free soil *excesses*, by all the men of the party: and this, too, in defiance of the threats and intriegues of whigs and abolitionists. Every democrat now known to be elected to Congress, has taken the boldest ground in favor of this national doctrine. Lo! their reward. Compare our position with the condition of the democracy in those states where the free-soilers have been courted and the contrast will be most insignificant. Ion and other seers must not calculate upon the idea that this glorious old state can long be swerved from the path of patriotism by any sectional organization."

WHO ARE THE FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE.—The New York *Journal of Commerce*, in reply to inquiries as to what *proportion of the money* contributed for the emancipation of James Hamlet was given by abolitionists, makes the following significant statement:

We do not know the *politics* of all the donors, but are not aware that any of them are abolitionists, in the technical sense of the word, unless Isaac Hollenbeck (colored) is of that way of thing. Nor do we remember that on any previous occasion, when money has been raised, through this office, for the emancipation of slaves, any thing has been given by abolitionists proper, except perhaps $10 in all, by colored men. The amount so raised within the last five months is $3,600, securing the emancipation of forty slaves, and the removal of thirty-nine of them to Liberia, together with eleven free colored persons belonging to the same families. And yet we are called "pro-slavery" men, and so are the donors of nineteen twentieths, if not ninety-nine hundreths of the whole amount. They, on the other hand, who make it a matter of principle not to give any thing for the emancipation of Slaves, but by their intemperate zeal and furious demonstrations have retared the extinction of slavery at least half a century, are in their own estimation the peculiar friends of the slaves—the real Simons. They are great at stealing slaves but to give any thing for the emancipation of slaves wounds their tender conscience, dear souls. The other day a man named Chaplin, of Albany, got caught in the act down in Maryland, and was jugged. Anon the abolitionists held a convention at Cazenovia, and resolved to raise $50,000 in order to defend him from the penalty of the law. This $20,000, if applied as economically as the asforsaid $600 would secure the freedom of more than two hundred slaves. Applied to Chaplin's defence, it will only be expened upon lawyers, abolition lectures, &c.—The time will come, we hope, when "thing will be called by their right names."

A LOST CHILD FOUND.—Some five years since a poor woman of the name of Moore, sent her child, then about eight years of age, to the grocery; since which the all attempts to find her whereabout has proved abortive. A few days since the now grown up girl was recognized by one of her old play mates, in a grocery store upon an errand from the family in which she as a domestic. Her play mate asked her why she did not go home to her parents, she burst into tears and replied that she did not know where to find them—that they were dead, &c. The young friend watched her to her place of residence, in Eighth street, and urged her to go home. The mother being apprized of the circumstance, immediately sought out her child, who gives the following history of her case. When she first approached the grocery, she was accosted by a man, who enticed her to go with him in a waggon. She lived with his family (they had no children) near Tarrytown, upwards of two years, when they packed up their goods, &c., and stated that they were going to live out west. She did not wish to go, and fled to a neighboring farmer's house, where she found protection and a home. She remained upwards of two years with this family, when she came to the city, and was living as a domestic when discovered as described. The mother and father could not recognize the child, but the child at once recognized them. Their happiness was complete.—*New York Tribune.*

A SNAKE STORY.—The Charleston (Va.) *"Free Press,"* of the 13th, relates the following circumstance:

A negro in Dinwiddie co., came to his death, "a short time since, in the following singular manner: He was sent into a field on an errand, and not returning as soon as expected, search was made, and found lying on theground nearly dead.his eyes strain from their sockets, and exhibiting the apperance of strangulation. On approaching nearer, it was discovered that a large snake had crawled down his throat. They attempted to draw out the snake by the tail, which extended a few inches out of the negro's mouth, but it drew it in, and the negro died at the instant. It is supposed that he lay down on the ground and fell asleep, and the snake finding an entrance in the open mouth of the negro, crawled down his throat, causing its own and the negro's death.

A RARE CASE.—Mr. Jerimiah Moore declines the nomination for County Judge, tendered him by the whigs of Wayne county, Michigan, on the ground that he considers himself "wholly incompetent to perform the duties of the office if elected." It is seldom indeed that we find one of Mr. Moore's political creed willing to make such a confession, though it is frequently the case that the people find out their incompetency, after they have been so unwise as to elect them. Moore is a modest man, worthy of better political association.

Mysterious Murder.

ALBANY, Oct. 4.

Two sons of George Lester, of New Scotland, in this country, have been missing from home since Saturday last. The younger of the two, aged six years, was found yesterday, dead, covered with leaves, and a large stone on the body; the other aged about eight years, was found to-day, and hanging to a tree. Suspicion is directed towards an individual, between whom and these children some property stood.

THE MURDER IN WESTERLO.—Farther developements in regard to the murder of the Lester children, in Westerlo, has led to the arrest of a young man named Dunbar, on suspicion of his having committed the bloody deed. He is the step-son of the uncle of these children, his mother being the wife of Mr. Lester. The children have lived with *Mr. L., since the death of their father, and are* entitled to some property, which goes to the uncle on their death.

On the day of the murder, Dunbar sent off his wife to her father's and the uncle went to mill a number of miles from home. No one but Dunbar and his mother were at the house with the children who were to be brutally murdered.

There is conclusive evidence, the Journal states, that the youngest boy was murdered. A swingle of a flail was found near the body, to which hair and blood was attached. It was with this instrument that the blows were inflicted. One on the forehead broke in the skull, cracking it entirely round the head. The other was on the nose, breaking it. The first blow must have produced death, but the wretch subsequently threw a heavy stone on the breast of the boy, breaking seven of his ribs and crushing the lungs.

The rope with which the eldest was hung was identified as belonging to the barn near which the first boy was discovered, was tied to the body of the tree, and around the neck of the lad. His cap was carefully hung up on a limb near him—his face was very pale, but his legs were black. His forehead and nose were scratched, as if they had been in contact with the bark of the tree; and there were marks on the body and limbs of the trees, which, with other circumstances, (particularly finger prints on the throat,) gave rise to the suspicion that the body had been first strangled and then drawn up and suspended.

The verdict of the Coroner's Jury is that David L. Lester and Stephen V. Lester came to their deaths by injuries and violence inflicted upon their persons by Reuben Dunbar and some person or persons unknown to the jury.

The funeral of the two boys took place at New Scotland yesterday.—*Albany Argus.*

"ALL FOR LOVE!"—Yesterday morning a suspicious looking package was received at the Post Office in this city, post-marked "St. Louis—20c. paid—Charles Baker, care of M. Wickersham." This Baker, to whom the package was addressed, was arrested some month or two since near Virden's on the mail route between this place and St. Louis, after being detected in the act of taking one of the mail bags, and giving his captors a race for about a mile. He was brought to this city, examined, and committed to jail. A few days after this, some discoveries were made in a trunk, in possession of a woman passing for Baker's wife, in St. Louis, which implicated him as having been extensively engaged depredations. During Baker's confinement several in demonstrations have been made at night about the jail, as supposed, to effect his release; and on one or two occasions, by his own cunning and adroitness he came very near making his escape. The jailor has, therefore, put him in irons, and secured him to the floor. The package alluded to, was opened and found to contain three pamphlets, bound together and lettered with gold, "All for Love."

Our post master and Mr. Wickersham concluded that these pamphlets—one of which was the trial of professor Webster—were not so neatly bound for nothing. Accordingly the book was taken to a book binder, who pronuced that nothing was concealed about it. This did not satisfy Mr. Wickersham.—He thought from the thickness of the covers, and other circumstances, that the book contained something which was to assist Baker in making his escape. After reaching home he commenced cutting up the cover on one side of the book, and while performing a similar operation on the other, "lo and behold!" two small saws about eight inches in length such as machinest use in sawing iron, were brought to view! Thus has been boiled another deep laid schemd to effect the escape of Baker, who is believed to be at the head of a large gang of villians scattered all through the west. This book matter should be investigated. None but a workman could have concealed these saws in the cover of a book—none but a sagacious rogue could have suggested the plan, and none but a vigilant jailor could have detected it. *Springfield (Ill.) Journal.*

DWARF FRUIT TREES.—The introduction of dwarf fruit trees into this country is quite recent; but they have already became very numerous. Persons having but a small lot of ground to cultivate, as in city or village gardens, find these Liliputian trees preferable on many accounts to those of a larger species. A standard tree will rarely produce fruit in less than five or six years, while a dwarf will bear in three years at most. Four or five hundred of these minature trees, moreover, can be put into an acre of ground. In the interior of New York agriculturalists are planting dwarfs extensively, particularly those bearing plums, intending to raise fruit for market. In some places where an orchard of standard trees is set out, the dwarf trees are planted between the rows, the purpose of the farmer being to cast off the smaller trees as soon as the large ones begin to bear. This system is practised in France, where it is found to be highly productive; and, where land is valuable, it is to be recommended. A five acre orchard, with trees twenty feet apart, contains but two hundred and forty two standard trees; but if dwarf trees are set out between the rows, seven hundred and twenty six trees can be added. The Genessee Farmer, from which we derive most of the information in this article says that, by the third or fourth year, the dwarf will be productive, while the standard trees will be most worthless until their eighth or tenth year. Might not these dwarf or pyramidal trees, be introduced with advantage into city gardens, where land is scarce?

BOUNTY LAND BILL.—The passage of the bill granting bounty land to officers and soldiers of the last war with great Britain and the several Indian wars, is giving rise to an unprecedented number of applications to the Third Auditor's Office for information. It is deemed advisable to state that *copies of the army rolls* cannot be furnished from this office for various reasons, of which one is sufficient—namely, the utter impractibility of doing so.

If one agent has a right to copies of the rolls, so would twenty thousand, and all the clerks in the employ of the government could not furnish such copies. Besides, there is no authority for doing so.

All applications must come through the Pension Office, (under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior,) and regular certificates of service will be furnished to the commissioner of Pensions by the Third Auditor, as is now the practice in regard to all claims for pension or bounty land.

This course is neccessary to prevent frauds and interminable difficulties.

JOHN S. GALLAHER, Third Auditor.

Third Auditor's Office, Oct. 1, 1850.

Editors generally will confess a favor on applicants by giving the above an insertion.

QUICK WORK.—Love, to use a rather ambiguous comparison, sometimes surpasses the ordinary feats of the steam engine. As for instance, an English lady left Liverpool on the 14th of September, sailed across the Atlantic on the swift steamer "Pacific," arrived in New York on the 34th, reached Steubenville on Saturday night last, the 28th, and by 10 o'clock P. M. was united in marriage with a young Englishman in the employ of Mr Bailey, corner of 4th and Market streets. This we call decidedly quick work!—*Messenger.*

THE TEN GUILDER PIECES OF HOLAND.—By some mint arrangement, Holand had depreciated the value of her Five and Ten Guilder pieces and thus sent them to seek a foreighn market; and as they do not nett over $4 in minting, we are *necessitated* to quote the Ten Guilders at $3.98, and the Five Guilders at $1,68.—*Thompson's Register.*

A TRUE HELP MATE.—Among the teams driving into the city from the country yesterday morning, we observed one load with flour, the horse drawing it before it being driven by a very pretty young woman. Her husband preceeded her with another load of the same article. With such wives Wisconsin is bound to go ahead.—*Milwaukie Adv.*

Erie Weekly Observer.

ERIE, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 19, 1850.

The State Ticket.

From the returns received, we are of the opinion that the Democratic candidates for Canal Commissioner, Auditor General and Surveyor General have been elected by about 15,000 majority. The Democracy of Pennsylvania have covered themselves with glory. We will give the official when it is received.

The District.

The following are the majorities in the several counties of this district for Congress. It will be seen that Curtis is elected by 98 majority—rather closer than we anticipated, but still enough to keep our dearly beloved friend of Bank memory *at home!*

	Walker. 1570	Curtis.
Erie		168
Elk,		504
Clarion,		163
McKean,		172
Potter,		262
Jefferson,		400
Warren,		
	1668	
	1570	
Curtis' majority,		98

And now, "good bye, John," and if you *ever get to Congress*, give our respects to the President, and be sure you get a big appropriation for Salt River.

☞ The Amendment to the Constitution has been carried by an overwhelming majority.

Superior Teas.

We are indebted to Mr. J. McCann, No. 2 Wrights Block, for a specimen of very superior Tea. We profess to know something of Tea, as we have served a pretty good apprenticeship at drinking it, and we can truly say that the article for sale as above is of most superior flavor.

☞ We are pleased to learn that the Gibson Vocalists, pronounced by the Boston *Post*, "the best Quartette now singing," will give a concert here in a few days. As concerts are always well patronized in Erie, of course the "Gibsons" will have a full house.

Matters in the District.

The majority in Warren county for Mr. Curtis, almost double that for Judge Thompson two years ago, is a gratifying tribute from his neighbors, and shows in what estimation he is held at home.—Much is said since the election of Mr. Walker's unparalleled gain in this county, and we confess it was unexpected, but when we compare it with that of Mr. Curtis in his own county, it sinks into insignificance—is not worth mentioning. Two years ago Erie county gave Campbell, whig, 1384 majority—this year Walker, whig, 1570, an increase of 186, in a vote of 4882. Warren county gave Judge Thompson, two years ago, 220 majority—this year she gives Curtis 400, an increase of 160, or only eight less than the gain of Mr. Walker in Erie county; and that, too, on a vote of only 1834. Thus it will be seen that, taking the number of votes polled, Mr. Curtis' gain is 22 the greater than Mr. Walkers. But it is not alone in Warren that Mr. Curtis' popularity is shown by the votes. McKean, gallant little McKean, has trebled her majority, while Elk has doubled, and Jefferson considerably increased. Of Erie, Clarion, and Potter, we hav'nt a word to say. They all probably done as well as they could under the circumstances, and we are not disposed to complain. In Potter Mr. Walker tampered with the Free Soilers, and in Clarion with the "bolters" and the one-idea protective men. Here, he roused up his party—got them out in their strength, as the votes show, while the Democracy slumbered. His vote in the county falls only 144 short of that of Mr. Campbell in 1848, with the excitement of the Presidential election to call them out, whereas ours falls 389 behind what it was then. The fact is, where a county is so largely whig as this, it is hard to get out a full democratic vote except at Gubernatorial and Presidential elections.—Hence, taking all things into consideration, we think we did'nt do so badly, though it was bad enough in all conscience, and is only pardonable because, *as it happened*, it did'nt do any hurt. Though it was a narrow escape, it should prove a warning in future.

☞ Some friend has sent us a number of the *Dunkirk Journal*, containing a long article, which the author undoubtedly intended as a reply to one in our paper of Sept. 28th, but which, in reality, is no reply at all, and consequently needs no notice from us. Did we imagine any thing the Editor of that paper could say, even with the pains of labor upon him for three weeks, as in this instance, would have any effect upon the superiority of our harbor, or in driving the people of this county from the position they have taken in regard to rail roads, we might be induced to occupy our columns in such a manner. But we have no such idea. All such *efforts as the Journal's is like whistling against the* wind. The New York and Erie rail road is bound to come to Erie, no matter how much the *Journal* may grumble; and as to a continuous gauge thro' this corner of Pennsylvania, it never can nor never will be accomplished!

☞ Notwithstanding we have such ample facilities for obtaing news by telegraph and mail, we notice that our dearly beloved friend of the *Chronicle*, just one week after the election, is entirely oblivious to the fact that his party had suffered a Waterloo defeat, both in his own State and Ohio. Like Banquo, turn which way he will, he sees nothing but the ghost of the murdered hopes of the Bank Attorney. The Democracy roll up ten thousand majority for their State ticket, yet he sees it not! They carry sixteen out of the twenty-six Congressmen, but these *murdered hopes*, so fondly cherished, yet so ruthlessly nipped in the bud, still obtrude themselves before his vision, and he remains oblivious still.—Ohio sends word greeting that Wood has beat the Ohio Bill Johnson to the tune of ten thousand, but the *rattle of them bones* away out among the hills of Erie, and McKean, and Jefferson, and Warren, is heard above all other *rattles*, and he notices it not. Well, we hope when he gets over his fit of hysterics, he will inform the readers of the *Chronicle*, and the "rest of mankind," that the Democratic State Ticket is elected—that instead of the seven members which we had in the last Congress, we shall now have sixteen; and finally, that "protection for protection" did'nt prove such a capital bait to catch votes with as was imagined.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The whigs have lost two members of Congress and gained one. Mr. WALKER, *in the adjoining district*, it is conceded, has been elected. A great whig victory!!—*Conneaut Rep.*

We really dislike to spoil our friend of the *Reporter's* rejoicing, but truth compells us to say that the whigs have not only lost two members, but seven on top of that—in all *nine*—and gained one; and that instead of its being "conceded" that John H. Walker is elected, it is *now* generally "conceded" in this quarter that he is'nt.

THE VOICE OF PENNSYLVANIA!

The Compromise Measures Sustained!

The result of the recent election in this State is doubly gratifying to our Democracy, and will send a thrill of pleasure throughout the great Democratic heart of the Union! Every Democrat in the House of Representatives at the last session boldly sustained the compromise—the *peace* measures—while every whig was arrayed in opposition. Now look at the result. Eight of the districts represented by those who opposed the compromise, in some of which the very men whose votes are recorded in the negative were candidates for re-election, have repudiated their course, and elected Democrats! This is the verdict of Pennsylvania upon these great measures, and here are the figures:

Dist.	*Members elected.*	
1.	Thomas B. Florance, dem. gain.	
2.	Joseph R. Chandler, whig.	
3.	Henry D. Moore, whig.	
4.	John Robbins, jr., dem.	
5.	John M'Nair, dem. gain.	
6.	Thomas Ross, dem.	
7.	John A. Morrison, dem. gain.	
8.	Thaddeus Stevens, whig.	
9.	J. Glancey Jones, dem.	
10.	Milo M. Dimmick, dem.	
11.	Hendrick B. Wright, dem. gain.	
12.	Galusha W. Grow, dem.	
13.	James Gamble, dem. gain.	
14.	T. M. Bibighaus, whig.	
15.	William H. Kurtz, dem. gain. Joel B. Danner, dem.*	
16.	James X. M'Lanahan, dem.	
17.	Andrew Parker, dem. gain.	
18.	John L. Dawson, dem. gain.	
19.	Joseph, Kuhns, whig gain.	
20.	John Allison, whig.	
21.	Thomas M. Howe, whig.	
22.	John W. Howe, whig.	
23.	Carlton B. Curtis, dem.	
24.	Alfred Gilmore, dem.	

*To supply the vacancy occasioned by the death of Dr. Nes, whig.

It will be seen by the above that while we have gained 9 members, we have lost but *one*, and that in the strong Democratic district of Westmoreland.—In that district there were *three* Democratic candidates, and of course a whig succeeded.

So far as the State Ticket is concerned the majority will be unusually large, say from ten to fifteen thousand. Enough, we think, in conjunction with our glorious congressional result to demonstrate that the Keystone is sound from the Delaware to the Lakes—that she repudiates sectional agitation, and clings with fraternal love to the Union, and the Constitution as it is.

The exact majority we will have in the Legislature we have not yet been able to determine. The House we think will stand about 61 democrats to 36 whigs; while the Senate is yet in doubt. We shall have, however, a large majority on joint ballot, thus securing us a United States Senator in place of Dr. Sturgeon, whose term expires on the 4th of March.

Such is the victory the Democracy of Pennsylvania have achieved! Is it not a most glorious one! Planting themselves upon the Constitution and its compromises—scorning all sectional excitement, and boldly meeting the issues involved in the slave questions—they threw their banner to the breeze, and called upon the people to approve or condemn; and lo! the result! In State, Congressional and Legislative, they have swept the board! Let fanatics of other states growl and agitate, Pennsylvania will have none of it!

"Woman's Rights."

Much is said in some of the papers about "Woman's Rights;" and gravely do some of the wise solomons in the Editorial world hold forth in defense of the imaginary wrongs of our wives, mothers and sisters, in not having the privilege of becoming politicians, office-seekers, voters, Congressmen, Legislators, warriors, Preachers, and the thousand and one other unfeminine posts filled by males. Conventions have been held to take into consideration this grievance, and without the aid of Hyson or Maccaboy much talking has been the result. We don't think as yet any thing has been effected, but as this is a world of progress, and we a "fast people," we are not sure but the "better time coming, boys," will be materially hastened by these demonstrations of restless spinsterhood. In fact, upon second thought, we are almost sure it would.—Suppose the ladies had votes, how pleasant and comfortable it would be to go-a-lectioneering among them; and on election day what a glorious time we'd have in taking them up the polls. And after the battle was over, and victory won, what tall frolics we could get up! And then, on training days and Forth-of-Julys, the athletic sport of wrestling, which used to be so much in vogue, would again be revived, and instead of broken limbs, black eyes, and bruised noses as the result, we should have hugging and kissing, weddings and wine! Taking all these things into consideration, we are inclined to coincide with the resolves of these "Woman's Rights" conventions, and ask for a change. To be sure, we agree with an exchange that the dear creatures have some privileges now; as for instance, she says what she pleases to you without the risk of being knocked down, horsewhipped or challenged.—She can go to all the places of amusement without paying a cent. She is waited upon with the utmost obsequiousness by the "lords of creation," who doff their beavers to her in token of homage, kneel at her feet (sometimes) to sue for her love. She can run up bills at the dry good stores, the milliners' and the jewellers', which her husband, (unless he has previously advertised her *a la* Lawrence,) must pay.—She can take a pleasant snooze after dinner, while her husband is hard at work. She can go out and spin street yarn when the weather is fine, without the fear of being asked either to drink or treat. She can paint her face if too pale, or *lily-white* it if too red. She can stay at home in war time, and marry again if her husband get his quietus in battle.—She can screw herself up if too thick, and pad if too thin. But what are these compared with the privileges we have enumerated? Nothing! and since election is over, and the world is quiet, we go in for "Woman's Rights."

United States Senator.

Now that it has been ascertained that the democracy will have a majority in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, the Carlisle *Volunteer*, one of the most radical and ably conducted papers in the State, is out in favor of the Hon. J. S. BLACK, for U. S. Senator. The editor pays an eloquent tribute to the talents and sterling integrity of that distinguished democrat.

☞ The Circuit Court in Van Buren, Arkansas, lately tried the suit of Wm. Ward against James Conger, for seducing plaintiff's daughter, a girl 15 years old. Verdict for Mr. Ward, *five thousand dollars damages.* This is the first case of seduction ever tried in that country. The jury expressed their regret that they could not legally lay damages at $10,000.

☞ The Lowell *Advertiser* says that the Bay State Manufacturing Company at Lawrence, Mass., have commenced building a new mill, 300 feet long, and seven stories high. How these manufacturers do like to be "ruined."

MEN AND THINGS IN BOSTON.—No. 8.

Correspondence of the Erie Observer.

BOSTON, October 8, 1850.

I wish to mention the names of a few men, somewhat distinguished, who walk the streets of Boston and make themselves visible to its citizens. I do not set myself up as their biographer; I do not intend to write the history of their lives, nor am I equal to the task. I shall merely set forth their persons as they appear to my eyes, and describe their peculiar characteristics as I understand them. I shall endeavor to steer my quill so as to avoid the rocks of libel, or false praise.

Theodore Parker, the good man, the learned scholar, the deep thinker, and the christian preacher, is *the only parson to whose sleeve I ever had the re*motist idea of *pinning* my faith. Though he is classed among Unitarians, I will not say that he has *any peculiar creed.* I believe he subscribes to the articles of no particular sect. However, none hear him who do not understand him, and few of the many who listen to him fail to write him down in their hearts as one to be loved. He is a man beyond his time. Some of his opinions would shock thousands of good people; some zealous christians might even wish to crucify him for holding them; nevertheless he preaches what to him seems truth, urging no man to believe him and impugning no mans' motives.—Though I hear him preach almost every Sabbath at the Melodeon, to nearly 3000 people, I will not attempt to enumerate all his beliefs, but I will mention two that render him most obnoxious to those who differ from him.

The Bible he holds to be a book containing great wisdom, but not the absolute infallible word of God. Christ he believes to be no son of Jehovah—but a human form with a great soul, and *gifted with a* powerful religious genius. These opinions are by no means peculiar to him, yet he is perhaps one of the greatest men holding them, and that makes him enemies among various religious sects wherever he is known. But Parker, happily I think, does not confine himself in his sermons to theological beliefs or disbeliefs. They comprehend within their scope the World, what is known of the Universe, Man, Nature, and all things in detail. He strives to be a teacher, not a commentator on texts, nor a theological wrangler. His aim is to give men his light that they may see and not stumble: to make those that hear him better. He preaches on politics. He rebukes wickedness in high places. He is not afraid to tell Boston of her sins; he gives her credit where she deserves credit, but touches her sore places and bids "the galled jade wince." He is not afraid to tell "ministers of the gospel" of their shortcomings, of their hypocrisy, their illiberality, their indolence, their want of courage and lack of true religion. He is not always finding fault. He loves God, Nature, Man. He appreciates the beauty and loveliness in them. To him the sublime soul, the calm majestic mountain, the deep and silent river, the leafy forest, the sweet-scented smiling flowers, are all sources of exquisite delight—evidences of a good and glorious God. He sometimes portrays the beauties of earth, the loveliness of God, the endowments and capabilities of man, with such wonderful and vigorous eloquence that it seems as if no one could hear and believe in an "Eternal Hell," a "natural and total depravity," a God of wrath "clothed in the red robes of war." As a writer Parker is possessed of great power; his style has a robustness and vigor about it that imparts confidence to the reader; his written words seem to sink into the understanding as the woodman's axe sinks into the yielding pine. He is a just and excellent critic. The Massachusetts Quarterly Review, which has just been abandoned, was conducted in a measure by him, and its pages were often enriched by articles from his pen.

As an orator he possesses little grace; there is little of the actor or the finished artist in his look or gesture; but his voice is so deep and powerful, and from the bottom of his lungs he brings up tones of such mysterious power; and he gives utterance to rich and noble thoughts in such an original and impressive manner, that few wise critics will fail to accord to him the name of orator.

In the pulpit his appearance is not remarkable.—He stands up before his audience like a sturdy plowman, tall and straight. He is a stalwart man: tough and sinewy, and looks able to compete in a trial of physical strength with a formidable adversary. The crown of his head is bald—the hair that remains is dark—his features are firm and regular—his forehead high and broad, seeming, as indeed it is, the abode of kingly Thought.

Theodore Parker is a great man, if lofty intellect, a large heart, a liberal education, and good deeds make a man great. Though not given to prophecy, I will predict that his name will live and be honored by posterity. He is at least honored and loved by thousands while living. Many have cause to remember him with gratitude for the impetus he has given to their minds in the path of religious truth, and for the many lessons of life he has taught them.

Yours, SCRIBO.

Can't Tell the Truth.

Some people can't tell the truth, no matter how hard they try. Our forlorn cotemporary of the *Gazette* is of this class; as for instance, he says in his last paper:

☞ "THANKFUL FOR SMALL FAVORS."—The editor of the *Observer*, on learning positively that C. B. CURTIS, Esq., had been elected to Congress from this District by a small majority, forthwith placed "that rooster" out of his *sanctum* window.

Now, in the first place, "that rooster" was'nt "placed out of his sanctum window," but on the top of the building. In the second place, it wasn't our rooster. Our rooster left us very unceremoniously in 1848, and our information is that it will not return until 1852. In the third place, we didn't put it "out of the window," nor upon the house. Some of our boys thought it a very "boyish" piece of business to issue an extra claiming the election of Mr. Walker upon the strength of returns from 6 townships in one county in a District composed of seven counties, six of which, according to the *Gazette*, "are unmitigatedly and uncompromisingly Locofoco," hence they got the rooster up to remind our cotemporary that it is bad policy to "crow before daylight."

☞ A Montreal paper gives an account of a large sale of New England Dry Goods at that point—the first experiment of the kind in Canada. The sale realized about $14,000. This is more "ruin."

☞ At the Westborough, Mass., Cattle Show, was exhibited a Holstein cow called "Jenny Lind," with a bull-calf by her side named "Barnum!"

☞ The Dansville, N. Y. *Herald*, wishes us to "mark that November will give Washington Hunt and his associates on the ticket, a plump ten thousand majority." Well, we have marked it; now see if November don't prove our cotemporary has told a "plump" right-up-and-down no such thing. "Mark that."

☞ The Indiana Constitutional Convention met at Indianapolis on Monday last. George W. Carr, was chosen President on the first ballot, and W. H. English, of Scott county, was elected principle Secretary.

Cruise of the Michigan.

The U. S. Steamer Michigan, Commander Ballus, has just returned to our port, after an active cruise to the upper Lakes. We are indebted to Purser Ramsey for our account of her cruise. The Michigan left very hurriedly upon learning that the steamer Patchin was ashore on Skillagalee shoals thirty miles to the westward of Mackinaw. Upon arriving at Machinaw, the Michigan took on board 20 soldiers from the fort at that place. With some hazard, the sea running high, these men were put on board the Patchin. The Michigan lay one night anchored under the shoals of Skillagalee, and the following day, the stormy weather which has prevailed throughout the Lakes commenced, and finding that nothing could be done for the boat, she ran over to the Mormon settlement at Beaver Island, where they were detained during five days of heavy gales. As soon as these abated the steamer ran again over to the Patchin, and anchored in a position to draw her off should there be a prospect of success. The crew were sent aboard, and in conjunction with the crew of the Patchin and the soldiers from Mackinaw, with fourteen pumps, labored unsuccessfully for some hours to free her of water. It was found impossible to do so, and the Patchin being aground nearly her whole length, with a rock through her bottom, it was determined by the Insurance agents and others interested, that nothing could be done without further assistance, and the Michigan, with one of the Insurance agents, left for Detroit.

On her way from Detroit to this place, about half past four on Thursday afternoon, a brig was seen with a signal of distress, flag with union down. It was found to be the Brig Algonah, Capt. Barrow, of Oswego loaded with 12000 bush. of wheat, on her way from Chicago to Oswego. She was aground, off the Middle Sister, and had been so since early on the morning of the preceding day. She had already thrown over 1000 bushels of wheat. At the time the Michigan discovered her the weather was threatening, blowing in heavy squalls from the South East. By the constant and unremitting efforts of the Michigan's ship company, she was hauld off from her dangerous position by 1 A. M. of the following morning. During the efforts to pull her off, the Michigan parted her large steam cable three times; and the Brig having lost an anchor and her hawser, she was towed into Put in Bay, and at 3 o'clock in the morning the ship continued her way to this place, at which we were glad to hear she arrived on Thursday night.

☞ It is said that the cost of fitting up the apartments occupied by Jenny Lind at the *Revere House*, in Boston, was $13,000! The flowers for Jenny's boquets, we are told, also, were grown at the request of Mr. Stevens, expressly for the occasion. What obliging flowers to grow expressly for Jenny's pretty little nose!

PUMPING A LAKE DRY.—Dr. J. V. C. Smith, the editor of the Boston Medical Surgical Journal, who is now on a visit to Europe, gives an interesting description, in his editorial correspondece from Holland of the manner in which the lake of Haarlem is being drained by steam engines and its waters sent to the sea.

"Six miles from Amsterdam is the inland lake of Hearlem, 21 miles long by 11 in width which, three hundred years ago was found to be perceptibility increasing by shooting its waters farther and farther, and covering up the land, threatening the first commertial port of the realm with destruction by flowing in upon its back. Various schemes at that remote epoch were devised by able *councillors to stay* the threatening danger. Three Dutch engineers, of acknowledged ability, proposed draining off the water first raising it by wind-mills. They are entitled to rememberance, from having suggested the plan adopted in 1849 for averting an impendening calamity.

Seven years since, delay being no longer safe, a canal was dug around the whole circumference of the lake, averaging 200 feet in width by ten feet deep.—Three monster engines are housed on the sides of the lake, some six or eight miles apart, each moving eight monstrous pumps. All the pistons are raised at once, at every revolution of the machinery raising 15,000 gallons of water, which is emptied in the canal, whence it is hastened on by a fourth engine faster than it would otherwise move to the Zuyder Zee and thus it reaches the sea, fifteen miles distant.—In April 1849, the pumps, worked by three of the mightiest steam engines perhaps ever constructed, were set in motion, and up to this date, July 25th, 1850, have lowered the contents of the lake seven feet. By next April it is anticipated that the bottom will will be fairly exposed, and all the water conveyed away from this ancient basin. All this is executed at the expense of Government.

GREAT MAIL ROBBERY.—The Mail Car was entered near Gray's Ferry, at about 11 o'clock on Saturday night, and the pouches were robbed. They were made up in New York for Richmond, Raleigh, Wheeling, Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee, Illinois, Kentucky, Arkansas, Missouri, and the south-west in general. These generally contained large remittances of bank notes, as well as checks, drafts, &c.: the cash being made up chiefly of southern and western funds, bought up by the brokers in the Atlantic cities and sent home for redemption. One letter alone, from Carpenter & Vermileye, New York, to J. W. Maury, Richmond, covered a remittance of $764. The number of letters, packages, &c., opened in search of money and other valuables, was immense enough to fill a barrel. These had all been very carefully inspected. Checks, drafts, &c., were thrown aside as valueless. A number of boxes containing cotton wadding, indicating a considerable quantity of jewelry, were carried off and opened. About 1000 letters were opened, together with drafts, checks, &c. These were returned to New York last night.

No clue to the robbery has yet been obtained.

SUICIDE.—We learn from the Steward of the steamer Saratoga, which is from the west this morning between six and seven o'clock, that about 4 o'clock, a man, whose name appear to be Mun, from Cincinnati, was seen by some of the deck passengers to descend the fender rope to the water's edge, and soon after disappeared. The Captain was not notified till about twenty minutes afterwards, consequently the boat was not turned about in search for him. It is supposed he is a Frenchman or Italian; is thought to be about thirty-five; and appeared to be partially insane. He left two coats and a hat in his state room.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

MARRIED.

On Thursday morning by the Rev. Wm. Flint, Rector of St. Pauls Church, D. A. FINNEY, Esq., of Meadville, and Miss MARION, daughter of the late Dr. Wm. Johns of this city.

On the 15th inst., by the Rev. W. Flint, Mr. C. M. Seley, of Milwaukie, Wis. and Mrs. Phebe M. Wells, of this city.

In Millcreek, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. H. Silliman, Mr. Wm. W. Wilson of Geneva, Wis. to Mrs. Mary J. Phorrin, of the former place.

DIED

On Saturday the 12th inst., Lavina, only daughter of John & Elizabeth Teel, aged 4 years 10 months and 29days.

In Millcreek on Saturday last, Ellen Cordelia Barr aged 17 years 7 months and 8 days.

On 1st inst in Conneaut, to John Randall, in the 81st year of his age.

In McKean, on Thursday the 12th inst., Archibald C. Marsh, aged 25 years.

On the 9th inst., of dysentary, Mrs. Sarah Saltsman, consort of Mr. Wm. Saltsman, of Wesleyville, aged about 36 years.

Near this place, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. A. Miller, on the 11th inst., Mrs. Nancy, aged 77 years, consort of Mr. Joseph Stevens, late of Harborcreek, and formerly of Dutchess Co., N. Y.

In North East, on the 18th of Sept. ult., Lucius Henry, son of Wm. S. and Sophia M. Miner.

Notice to our Subscribers.

PAY UP, AND SAVE HALF A DOLLAR!

We dislike to dun, but necessity knows nothing of likes, therefore our subscribers will take notice that we want money and MUST HAVE IT!

All payments made within *four weeks*, for the *present volume*, will be considered in advance. Those who neglect this notice will be charged $2!

As soon as the present half-volume is out, which will be in 3 weeks, we shall commence making out accounts of all indebted for two years, and unless payment is made before the 1st of December, we will be compelled to place them in the hands of a proper officer for collection.

Pay up, and save fifty cents, as well as costs, is advised to all in arrears for the Observer.

Erie, Oct 19, 1850.

A Few Loads of Wood.

Those who have agreed, or intend to pay their subscription in Wood, are requested to deliver it within four week, otherwise we shall not take it.—A word to the wise is sufficient.

N. B. A bbl. of sweet-apple cider wanted on subscription.

Oct. 19, 1850.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.—How far back must we go to find the pure Whig doctrine?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

For the genuine article, to the days of the alien and sedition law. For late improvements consult Crawford on Galphinism."—*Detroit Free Press.*

NOTICE.—Rev. G. V. Markham, late of Vermont, will occupy the desk in the Universalist Church on to-morrow, the 20th. Oct 19, 1850.

Lost Cow—Reward.

STRAYED from the subscriber in Erie, on Monday the 7th inst., a red and white spotted deep red Cow, about three years old last spring. No particular marks remembered other than that she has a black nose, legs and perhaps a small white spot directly below the eye. Any person finding said Cow, and returning her to the owner, will be liberally rewarded.

J. B. JOHNSON.

WM. S. LANE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

Pensions, Bounty Lands and Navy Pensions, Bounty Lands and Back Pay, and all other business entrusted to me shall receive prompt and faithful attention.

Office in Wright's Block on State street, over J. H. Fullerton's Store.

Erie Oct. 19.

Cash for Feathers.

FIVE Geese Feathers wanted, for which we will pay one-half cash.

Oct 19. LAIRD & RUST.

OIL CLOTHS AND CARPETS, from 18¾ cts to $1 per yard at

Oct 19 LAIRD & RUST.

Keystone Paper Mills,

ERIE, PA.

PERKINS & SELDEN.

MR. ELIHU MARVIN having disposed of his interest in the above establishment, and in the business of Marvin & Perkins, to Samuel Selden, the business will hereafter be conducted by the subscribers, under the name of Perkins & Selden, who will settle accounts of the late firm.

Oct 19.

ELIHU L. PERKINS. SAMUEL SELDEN.

To Jurors and Witnesses.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the Trial List of the Common Pleas for the 3d Monday of October, is continued until the 4th Monday of November next. Jurors, Witnesses and Parties interested are hereby notified not to attend on the 3d Monday of October, and their attendance will be required on the 4th Monday of November next.

PETER E. BURTON, Sheriff.

Erie, Oct 19 1850. 23

Dissolution.

THE partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the practice of the Law, under the firm name of Galbraith & Lane, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent

JOHN GALBRAITH,
WM. S. LANE,
WM. A. GALBRAITH.

Erie, Oct. 15, 1850. 3t23

Law Notice.

THE subscribers will continue the practice of the Law, under the firm name of J. & W. A. GALBRAITH, at the office heretofore occupied by us on Sixth street, west of the Public Square, Erie.

In connexion with Messrs. Dickens & Coombs, of Washington, we are prepared to give prompt and particular attention to claims under the Bounty Land Act passed at the late session of Congress.

JOHN GALBRAITH.
WM. A. GALBRAITH.

BOUNTY LANDS,

UNDER the act of Congress, Soldiers of the war of 1812, or any of the Indian Wars since 1790, and each of the Commissioned officers who was engaged in the late war with Mexico, are entitled to Bounty Lands. Those who engaged to serve twelve months and were honorably discharged and actually served the time, shall receive 160 acres; those who engaged to serve six months and actually served out their six months shall receive 80 acres, and those who engaged to serve during or for an indefinite period and actually served one year, shall receive 40 acres, and in case of the death of such officer, soldier, or seaman, the land shall be granted to his widow or minor children. The undersigned continues to give his attention to the collection of *Revolutionary, Army and Navy Pensions, Bounty Land Warrants, Arrears and Navy Pensions, Bounty Land Warrants*, and the collection of all claims against the United States and individuals. His facilities for communicating with the several Departments of the government at Washington are such that he will be enabled to bring all business connected with the same as promptly as may be entrusted to his care, to an efficient and speedy termination. Address the undersigned, *Postage Paid*, at Erie, Pa. All communications will receive immediate attention.

Erie, Oct. 12, 1850. BENJ. GRANT, Att'y at Law.

NOTICE.

SEALED Proposals will continue to be received for the construction of two miles of the Erie and Waterford Plank Road, commencing at Erie, until the 23rd of November next—also for the same division of the road, about eight miles, commencing at Waterford and extending to a point near Cochran's. The proposals will be made for the earth work ready for planking, or for the entire work of the road complete. No bids will be received for a part of a section. Profile and specifications may be seen at the office of the Company.

Oct. 19. G. SANFORD, Sec.

Fall and Winter Millinery!

MRS. CURTIS would respectfully inform the Ladies of Erie and vicinity, that she has just returned from New York with a large and beautiful assortment of

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS,

consisting of Bonnets of every style, Dress Caps, Tabs, Flowers, Ribbons, a great variety of Velvets, Silks, Satins, &c., Dress and Cloak Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves and Mitts, last opening, French work Collars, Lace Capes, Muslin, Edgings, Insertings, Thread, Edgings, Lace Veils, black Lace Edging, materials for Mantillas, ready made Cloaks, Embroidery Patterns, Zephyr Worsted, Purse Trimmings, Steel Beads, Purse Twist, &c., &c. Hair Combs, a good assortment, and many other articles all of which will be sold as low, wholesale and retail, as can be bought in the city.

☞ Milliners furnished with all articles in their line at reduced prices. Straw Bonnets Cleaned and pressed.

Erie, October, 19, 1850. n23

STRAY HORSE!

BROKE into the enclosure of the Subscriber, in Greene township, *on the 15th inst., a Black Horse*, sparvined in both hind legs, and shod all round. The owner is requested to come, prove property, pay charges and take it away. JOHN C. GRAHAM.

October 19, 1850. 3t23

SOLD OUT.

I HAVE sold my entire stock of goods to Messrs. Laird & Rust who succeed me at my old stand, and am desirous of closing up all accounts in Erie. Those that have unsettled accounts with me will find me at present at my old stand.

Oct. 1, 1850. C. B WRIGHT.

New Firm! New Goods!! New Prices!!!

A change of gauge resolved upon by

"THE HIGH CONTRACTING PARTIES."

THE great excitement of the day is no longer about a continuous line of railroad through the county, but the all absorbing subject of interest to this community is the commotion at the corner store opposite Brown's Hotel, where people do say there is a greater rush, more goods are sold of better quality and at lower prices than at any other establishment in the city.

LAIRD & RUST, who succeed C. B. Wright in business at the old stand on the corner of State street and the Public Square, opposite the Court House, are now receiving a large, splendid and well selected stock of *DRY GOODS*, Hardware, Groceries, Liquors, Flour, Fish and Salt, which they offer to the public at unprecedented *low prices*. Having resolved to do business upon the *cash plan* system, which is the only *true* system, better for the buyer and better for the seller, they are prepared to sell goods as *cheap* as the *cheapest* and no mistake. One of the firm has just arrived from the city, having purchased a very large stock which they undertake to say will compare favorably in quality, prices and judiciousness of selection with any in the city. They will vouch for the truth of this statement and will prove it to the satisfaction of a candid public, if they will only take the trouble to call and examine for themselves. Their stock embraces Dry Goods of every description, such as Shawls, a new and splendid assortment, Bay State and Long Shawls, latest styles, Gro de Rine Silks, Satin de Laine, Poplins, new styles, De Laines, plain and figured, French Printed Broad Cloths, Cassimers, Plain and fancy. Also Groceries of every Kind, Hardware, Liquors, Flour, Fish, Salt &c.—Remember the old stand near the Court House, and don't forge to give us a call and we will warrant you will not go away without purchasing to your entire satisfaction. WILSON LAIRD.

Erie, Oct. 12, '50. LUCIAN RUST.

PORT WINE, a superior article, warranted the pure juice of the grape, at LAIRD & RUST'S.

BRANDY and Cognac Brandy of superior quality, at LAIRD & RUST'S.

Cigars! 100,000 Cigars!!

LA Union, Fixed Stem, La Norma, Jicotineal and Principe Cigars, direct from the importer and warranted genuine, for sale by the box. [Oct. 12, 1850.] LAIRD & RUST.

SWISS Collars, standing Collars; Lace Cuffs, Embroidered Under Sleeves, French Worked Lace Collars at

Oct. 12 C. M. TIBBALS.

1087 Yards of English and American Prints, prices beginning at 4 cents and ending one shilling per yard, colors warranted fast as a rock.

C. M. TIBBALS.

WANTED.—3,000 pairs Woolen Socks in exchange for goods Also a few hundred yards domestic Flannel. Small Bills and Dried Apples will not be refused.

C. M. TIBBALS.

Erie and Wattsburg Plank Road.

THE Stockholders of the Erie and Wattsburg Plank Road Company are hereby notified that an instalment of one dollar on each share of stock is required to be paid to the Treasurer in or before the 21st day of October inst.

By order of the President and Directors.

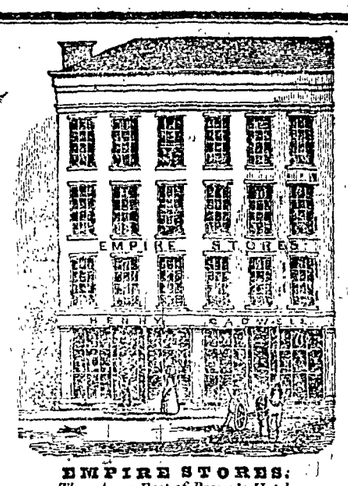
Erie, Oct. 13, 1850. G. SANFORD, Sec'y.

50 CARPENTERS, AND 25 GOOD AXMEN And Hewers Wanted, to go on to the GREAT PANAMA RAIL ROAD!!

THE Subscriber will contract and give steady employ and high wages for the Winter months, to fifty good Carpenters and 25 Axmen, and experienced hewers, to go on to the great Panama Rail Road. A free passage and found, will be given by Steamers out from New York. Persons desirous of contracting to go, will make application to the subscriber, at any time between this and the last of November, at the Erie Canal Office, Erie.

WM. TRUESDALE,
Agent of the Panama R. R. Co.

Erie, Oct 5, 1850.



EMPIRE STORES:

Three doors East of Brown's Hotel,

Have Come With 200 Packages of Goods!

THE largest, cheapest and best selected stock of Dress Silks, ribbons, silk Poplins, Merinoes, Paramatta Cloths, Shawls, Delaines, Ginghams, Alapacas; in short the largest stock of every kind of

DRY GOODS

ever offered in Erie, and at lower prices. A good assortment of Ladies, Misses and childrens' fine Boots, Shoes and Slipes. Also, Rubber Boots and Shoes, a great variety of Paper Hangings, Window Paper and Shades. Also a good assortment of Mulls and victorines, men and boys' Caps, &c.

HARDWARE ROOM.—My large purchase this fall which we are beginning to receive, will make our stock one of the largest of all kinds of shelf and coarse hardware, ever offered for sale in the west. Saddlery hardware, Coach and Buggy Trimmings, Spring Axel, Boxes, Smith Bellows, Anvils vices, saws of every description, Joiners' Tools, Coopers' Tools, and Mechanical Tools of every description, lower than ever.

A good assortment of Rubber Belting for Mill Gearing, Packing for Engines, &c.

IRON ROOM.—We are now receiving One Hundred Tons of Iron, Steel, Nails, Spikes, Log, Cable and trace chains, lead pipe, Pig lead, sheet zinc, &c., under Buffalo prices.

CARPET ROOM.—I would call the attention of Carpet buyers to the inspection of a large stock of carpets, oil cloths, druggett cloths, &c., next door above the Dry Goods room, where carpets are sold daily at very low prices.

CROCKERY, Glassware, stoneware, looking glasses on the second floor—a large assortment, very low.

CROCKERY ROOM.—I have a full stock of groceries, the lowest in the market; white fish, salt, flour, and Plaster always on hand.

P. S.—After the citizens of this and adjoining counties have examined goods in eastern cities, they will become convinced, as hundreds have before, that they can find a better assortment and cheaper goods, AT THE EMPIRE STORES, at Erie, than in any other city, great or small.

Cash will be paid for 200 Firkins of good dairy butter.

Erie, Oct. 12th 1850. H. CADWELL.

LIVER COMPLAINT,

JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS,

And all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach, such as Constipation, inward Piles, fullness, or blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest, limbs, &c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits, can be effectually cured by

DR. HOOFLAND'S

CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS, PREPARED BY

DR. C. M. JACKSON,

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 120, Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skilful physicians had failed.

These Bitters are worthy the attention of invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of diseases of the liver and lesser glands, exercising the most searching powers in weakness and affections of the digestive organs, they are, withal, safe, certain and pleasant.

READ AND BE CONVINCED.

Chas. Robinson, Esq., Easton, Md., in a letter to Dr. Jackson, Jan. 9, 1850, said—

"My wife and myself have received more benefit from your medicine than any other we have ever taken for the *Dyspepsia and Liver disease.*"

"The Tenth Legion," published at Woodstock, Va., January 10, 1850, said—

"A GREAT MEDICINE."

"We have uniformly refrained from recommending to the public any of the various Patent Medicines of the day, unless thoroughly convinced of their value. Among those we consider worthy of notice is the *German Bitters*, invented by *Dr. Hoofland*, and prepared by Dr. Jackson, in Philadelphia. One instance in particular, in which the superior virtues of this medicine have been tested, has fallen under our observation. During the last summer, a son of Mr. Abraham Crabill, of this county, was very seriously afflicted with Liver Complaint, and after trying in vain various remedies, he purchased a bottle of the Bitters, and after using it, was so much relieved of his distressing malady, that he procured another bottle, and is restored entirely to health."

READ FURTHER A FEW FACTS.

The "Philadelphia Democrat," the leading German journal of Philadelphia. The editor says, November 24th.

"We again call attention to the removal of the German Medicine Store, the principle depot for the sale of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, from 278 Race to 120 Arch street, one door below Sixth. Owing to the increased demand for this medicine, and for the accommodation of his numerous patients, Dr. Jackson has been compelled to occupy the large store. We wish him success in his new quarters; he is deserving of it. The Bitters Mixture is without doubt the greatest medicine extant for diseases of the Liver and Bowels. A stubborn case of Chronic Diarrhœa has come under our notice, wherein the patient had exhausted the Materia Medicas of the dullest schools of medicine with no apparent benefit. He was induced to use these bitters, and a few bottles of them entirely cured him. Many such cases we could refer to. We hope our readers will recollect this great restorative, should they be so unfortunate as to require its use. Dr. Jackson possesses the original unpublished receipt of Dr. Hoofland, and he prepares this medicine with great care. Those purchasing should call at his store, or see that his name is written upon the wrapper outside, and blown in the bottle, as imitations of all good articles are common."

Judge M. M. Noah, a gentleman with great scientific and literary attainments, said in his "New York Weekly Messenger," January 6, 1850.

"Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters.—Here is a preparation which all the leading presses in the Union appear to be unanimous in recommending, and the reason is obvious. It is made after a prescription furnished by one of the most celebrated physicians of modern times, the late Dr. Christopher William Hoofland, Professor to the University of Jena, Private Physician to the King of Prussia, and one of the greatest medical writers Germany has ever produced. He was emphatically the enemy of *humbug*, and *therefore a medicine of which he was the inventor and endorser* may be confidently relied on. He specially recommended it in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Debility, Vertigo, Acidity of the Stomach, Constipation, and all complaints arising from a disordered condition of the stomach, the liver and the intestines. Nine Philadelphia papers express their conviction of its excellence, and several of its editors speak of its effects from their own individual experience. Under these circumstances, we feel warranted, not only in calling the attention of our readers to the present proprietors (Dr. C. M. Jackson's) preparation, but in recommending the article to all afflicted."

MORE EVIDENCE.

The "Philadelphia Saturday Gazette," the best family newspaper published in the United States, the editor says of

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

"It is seldom that we *recommend* what are termed Patent Medicines to the confidence and patronage of our readers; and, therefore, when we recommend Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, we wish to be distinctly understood that we are not speaking of the nostrums of the day, that are noised about for a brief period and then forgotten after they have done their guilty race of mischief, but of a medicine long established, universally prized, and which has met the hearty approval of the Faculty itself."

Its decided superiority has been received (like the foregoing) from all sections of the Union, the last three years, *and the strongest testimony in its favor*, is, that there is more of it used in the practice of the regular Physicians of Philadelphia than all other nostrums combined, a fact that can easily be established, and fully proving that a scientific preparation will meet with their quiet approval when prescribed even in this form.

That this medicine will cure Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, no one can doubt, after using it as directed. It acts *specifically* upon the stomach and livar—it is preferable to calomel in, *all bilious diseases*—the effect is immediate. They can be administered to FEMALE OR INFANT with safety and reliable benefit, at any time.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

This medicine has attained that high character which is necessary for all medicines to attain to induce counterfeiters to put forth a spurious article at the risk of the livers of those who are innocently deceived.

LOOK WELL TO THE MARKS OF THE GENUINE.

They have the written signature of C. M. JACKSON upon the wrapper, and the name blown in the bottle, *without which they are spurious.* For sale, wholesale and retail, at the

GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 120 *Rare* street, one door below Sixth, (late of 278 Race st.,) Philadelphia, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the country. Sold also by Carter & Brother, Erie, Pa.; Lampson & Goff, McKean corners, Pa.; J. Curtis, Waterford, Pa.

Erie, October 12, 1850. 1yn22

PRESERVES!

1 BARREL white brandy of an extra flavour for preserving, also an assortment of preserve jars and bottles just received by

Erie, Sept. 21, 1850. CARTER & BROTHER.

NOTICE.

THE Stockholders of the Erie and Edinboro Plank Road Company are notified that an election will be held in Erie, at their *office, on Monday, November 4*, at 11 o'clock A. M., to elect officers for the ensuing year. P. ARBUCKLE, Sec'y.

Erie, Oct. 7, 1850. tdn22

Notice to School Teachers.

A MEETING of the School Directors of Mill Creek township, will be held at the school house near Eagle Village, on Saturday the 26th of October, for the examination of teachers for the Winter Term of Common Schools.

By order of the Board,
J. K. CALDWELL, Sec'y,

Erie, Oct. 12, 1850. tdn22

WANTED.

THE subscribers hereby give notice to all persons who know themselves indebted to them by Note or Book Account that they are very much in *want of money*, and desire an immediate settlement with *all*, either by Cash or Note. We hope our friends will give immediate attention to this notice, as a settlement with all is absolutely necessary. P. & R. FAUCHERE.

Erie, Oct. 12, 1850. 4wn23

AMERICAN BAKERY!

AS the subscriber has for the last three years been working under ground, and now removed to a new shop between Fifth and Sixth streets, fronting on Sassafrass just west of the Jail he begs leave to supply his old customers and as many new ones as feel disposed to give him a call, will endeavor to keep constantly on hand an assortment of Bread, Crackers &c., in our line which will be delivered to any one and in any part of the city. I have also made arrangements with Wm. F. Rinderneckt & Wm. T. Downes, which will be made *Regular Bread Depots for those* who cannot spend time to come to my shop, which I shall never be ashamed to have any one see, as I calculate to keep it clean, neat and tidy, for if I can't I don't know who can, after serving a regular apprenticeship with an "old aunt," and that way down east too.

GEO. W. GOODRICH.

Erie, Oct. 12, 1850. n22

New Fall and Winter Fashnios.

No. 6, Reed's Block, State Street, Opposite Lester, Sennett and Chester's.

MISS S. THORN respectfully announces to the Ladies of Erie and its vicinity that she has just received from New York, a large and splendid assortment of

FALL & WINTER MILLINERY,

of the latest Fashions, consisting of Velvets, Plumes, Satins, Ribbons &c., &c., which she will sell very cheap for cash. Also Dress, Visette and Cloak Patterns.

Fashionable DRESS-MAKING done on the most reasonable terms.

Oct. 5, 1850. n21

Tailoring Done in New York Style.

THE undersigned respectfully returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage for the last three years, and solicits a continuance of the same. Having received the Fall and Winter Fashions for 1850, he feels confident that he is able to execute all orders intrusted to his care in the best style, as he employs none but the best workmen. Notwithstanding the cry of sloptshop (alias slaughter-house) "cut and make," he pledges himself that all garments cut and made by him that do not fit, to pay for the cloth. Gentlemen who are desirous of having their clothes made "well" will do well to call on the subscriber. As good mechanics will not work without their pay in cash, he must commence on the principle of paying and being paid in cash.—The following are his prices:

Fine Dress or Frock Coat,	$6 00
" Sack "	5 00
" Over "	6 to 10 00
Pantaloons,	1 50
Vests,	1 50

N. B.—Cutting done at the usual cash prices.

Erie, Oct. 5. JOHN GOALDING.

TIBBALS

HAS just returned from New York and Philadelphia with a *tremendous large stock of NEW GOODS for Fall and Winter* which he is now opening at his old stand, Cheapside.

Oct. 5, 1850. n21

STRAY HEIFER.

CAME to the farm of the subscriber, in Venango township, about the first of September, a brown three year old heifer, and gives milk. No artificial marks. The owner is requested to come, prove property, pay charges and take her away.

JAMES MOORE,

Venango, Oct. 5, 1850.

It Kills Pain and Saves Life.

LANDRAW'S Pain Killing Agent, is the only article to be relied upon to kill Pain and cure disease. It is an internal and external remedy. CARTER & BROTHER.

Agents for Erie county, No. 6, Reed House, Erie Pa.

Oct 5, 1850. *1y21

STRAY STEER.

CAME to the farm of the subscriber residing in Amity township, a brown yearling steer, having some white spots on the back and belly, and a crop off the under side of the left ear. Whoever owns said steer is requested to call, prove property, pay charges and take it away. HIRAM W. BALDWIN,

Amity, Oct. 5, 1850. 3t21

Wanted.

A MALE Teacher to take charge of the Borough District School in Waterford for a term of six months. Applications, with reference and terms, received to the 20th October. Address P. P. Judson, Secretary of School Board, Waterford, Pa.

Oct. 5, 1850. n2t21

OLD THINGS BECOME NEW.

THE subscriber would return thanks to the public for the very liberal patronage he has received for the past 21 years, and solicits a continuance of the same, while he has increased inducements to invite old and new customers to call and see his stock of Fashionable Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, with a general assortment of trimmings. JAMES LYTLE.

Erie, Sept. 28, 1850. 29

N. B. Particulars hereafter.

CARTER'S RING BONE & SPAVIN LOTION.

WE are receiving fresh proof of the efficacy of this article every day. Yesterday Mr. Hinton brought a friend into our store, and with tears in his eyes, implored him to try a bottle of it on his colt, assuring him that it would cure him up sound and well as ever he was; this he knew because he had used it with *perfect success* on one of his own horses *which was badly spavined.* Mr. Stephen C. Lee also called in this morning and stated he had only used about three fourths if a bottle, and his horse which he valued at $100, was almost well. He had no doubt but what he had left would complete the cure. We are every day hearing reports of this kind about our Lotion, and with such facts staring him in the face, no man will hesitate to pay 50 cts for an article that will cure sound and well an animal worth one hundred times as much? Be sure and ask for Carters *Ring Bone and Spavin Lotion—and take no other.* For sale at our Drug Store in in Erie, and by our agent throughout the county.

Erie, Sept. 28. 29

Now Opening.

500 YARDS real French Marino no mistake, at one dollar per yard; such goods as are selling in the town for one dollar and 25 cts. Also any amount of changeable and figured lusters, black, silk and cotton warp and fancy Alapacas at unusual low prices. Just received a large invoice of long, square all wool and French shawls, unparaleled for styles and low prices.

Erie, Sept. 28, 1850 C. M. TIBBALS.

CLOTHING FOR THE MILLION.

1850. **1850.**

The Cheap System Triumphant!!

AT NO. 1, FLEMING BLOCK!!!

WHILE the public are excited with the controversy going on between the Jews and Gentiles in regard to "cut," "finish" and "fineness" of the various wares offered by other dealers in this city, they should not forget to look in at

NO. 1, FLEMING BLOCK,

where, if there is not quite so much gas expended in puffing, *there can always be found*

Clothing as Cheap, Cloth as Fine, Fits as Good, and Work as Superior.

as at any establishment between Sunrise and Sunset. The public should recollect that we

MANUFACTURE OUR OWN CLOTHING,

and that, having in our employ one of the very best Cutters, and employ none but the very best workmen, we can furnish our customers with articles which will bear inspection in any market in the world Our stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING,

is now open for examination and sale, where may be found Clothing of every grade, style, and texture, suitable for

Fall and Winter Wear.

Let all who wish to save a dollar keep in mind the time-worn adage of "economy is wealth," and call and examine the immense assortment of Clothing and Dry Goods at

NO. 1, FLEMING BLOCK,

before purchasing elsewhere. Our stock does not consist of clothing alone. We have a very general assortment of

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,

suitable for family use, and which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest. Also,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

together with many other articles too numerous to mention, but which will be cheerfully shown, and bargains warranted. Call and see, examine and compare. I. ROSENZWEIG & CO.

Erie, Sept. 28, 1850. 29

STRAY STEER.

BROKE into the enclosures of the Subscriber, living in Harborcreek township, about the middle of June last, a red three year old steer, having no artificial marks. Whoever owns said steer is requested to call for property pay charges and take him away. IRA SHERWIN.

Harborcreek, Sept. 28, 1850. *3t20

FALL AND WINTER TRADE.

GEO. SELDEN & SON are now receiving their stock of Fall and Winter Goods, comprising a general assortment of *Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery*, Iron Nails, Steel, Anvils, Vices, &c. &c., all of which have been purchased in the Eastern market for Cash, and will be sold at a small advance. We do not boast of the largest stock or to sell cheaper than can be purchased in New York City, but would ask a comparison of qualities and prices, and are assured that no one will go away dissatisfied.—Erie Sept. 28, 1850

LADIES will find a good assortment of Dress goods, consisting of French Merino, Thibet Merino, Poplins, De Lanes, Cashmeres, black, changeable, figured and plain Alpacas, &c. &c., received by express and for sale at a small advance from cost.

Sept. 28, GEO. SELDON & SON.

STRANGER, READ THIS!!

THE Subscriber begs leave to return his sincere thanks to his friends and the public for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and would inform them that he has just received his

FALL AND WINTER STOCK!!

Among which may be found CLOTHS of all grades and prices, which he will make up to order; and pledge himself that they shall not be surpassed in cheapness, cut or make, by any establishment, he cares not by whom conducted, whether by old broken down nags, or the best that can be produced. We must confess that we have not made as great display as some of our cabbage head sourkrout neighbors, but one thing we do know, that we can produce the

Best Cut and Best Made Stock

of Clothing that can be found in the State; for proof of which we would invite those who are judges to call and examine for themselves, and to those that are not we say bring some one to judge for you, as we do not shrink from any thing that is fair between man and man. Our stock consists of CLOTHING of all grades fine and coarse, which has been cut up in Erie for Cash, and with great care. We would invite those in want of any thing in our line to give us a call, and if they are not pleased with our goods and prices we will not charge them any thing for showing them. Our Stock of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, and VESTINGS, we have selected with great care expressly for the custom trade, and we would invite those who prefer having their Clothing made to order to call and examine

GOODS, CUT AND MADE,

for themselves. Persons leaving their measure for any garment if not pleased with it when done, will not be asked to take it away. We still continue to keep on hand shirts of all kinds, and from the best manufacturers. Also Shirt Collars of the best make, very cheap. Suspenders of all grades, Cravats, the best in town, of various grades and prices; and in fact we keep almost every thing in our line, which we would be happy to sell to our friends as cheap as the cheapest. JOHN M. JUSTICE.

Erie, September 14, 1850.

N. B.—Cutting done in the most fashionable style and done when promised.

Fall Campaign. 1850.

WAR UPON HIGH PRICES.

I HAVE been receiving New Goods for several weeks past, and shall continue to receive until the close of navigation, showing customers something new every week, and offering the strongest inducements on prices held forth by any house in Erie. My motto has been, "Small profits" with *Low prices*, in defiance of Bankers and high prices; acting upon which, I am fully satisfied with a rapidly increasing trade resulting therefrom:

Hurry of business precludes giving a catalogue of goods and prices—suffice it to say, any thing in the way of Style and Fancy *dry goods, Carpets, Crockery and Dry groceries*, may be had at LOBDELL'S at No. 1 Reed House.

J. D. CLARK.

Sept. 28. n20

300 BOXES Window Glass, French, English and American, comprising almost every size in use, offered very low by

Erie, Sept. 21, 1850. CARTER & BROTHER.

Tremendous Excitement! Glorious Victory!!

LIKE the fury of a maniac, like a wild war-horse, like a terrific tornado, like the rushing of mighty waters, and an overwhelming cataract, is the stately and omnipotent progress of that superior COOKING ENGINE, which has knocked *all* the links cooking stoves into scrap iron, piled up the "Key Stone" at the head of the huge arch of disappointed expectations, *rode* roughshod over the "Telegraph," killed all the "Genessee Farmers," kicked out of breath the "Clinton Air Tight," and has sometimes *found favor over the "Iron Monarch." Having been induced by* its universal popularity to get up three sizes of the Air Tight BANG UP STOVE, we are now prepared to supply either private families or hotels with sizes to please, and will take produce, old copper, borough warrants or small bills for them, and warrant them to give satisfaction.

Erie, Sept. 21, 1850. LESTER, SENNETT & CHESTER.

Commercial Exchange STILL TRIUMPHANT!

$30,000 WORTH OF NEW GOODS.

ARRIVING and to arrive, $30,000 worth of New and Cheap Goods at the Commercial Exchange, where the subscriber has had his *Head Quarters* established for the last five years, and where, with the permission of the merchant Princes of Erie, he intends for some years to come, to offer to his former customers and all others, the greatest bargains ever extended to any people. *His store is now so arranged as to accommodate all classes of purchasers*: having fitted them up into two reparate departments. The first of which is well supplied with a large and rich stock of FANCY GOODS adapted solely to the wants of the *ladies*. The other department is well supplied with every article pertaining to the wardrobe of *gentlemen*, together with every variety of Staple Goods. By the above arrangements, he will be enabled to wait upon those wanting goods with facility and dispatch. He would therefore say to persons who wish to purchase Dry Goods or Clothing, that his stock is one of the largest and cheapest in the city, having been purchased from first hands, thereby saving the New York Jobbers profits, which enables him to sell 25 per cent. cheaper than those who purchase goods in the ordinary mode.

Among his stock may be found black and blue black Satin Dress Patterns, black, blue black and watered Gro de Rhine, spotted Lawns, linen tissues, Jenny Lind embroidered silk and merino Cloaks, Broche and Long Shawls, silk warp Paramattas, figured and striped Alapacas, a few pieces of Canton crape, expressly for wedding dresses; Dress Silks of every description and quality in great variety, plain, figured and dotted Tarlton Book Muslin, Bishop Lawns, Swiss Mull, plain and figured Ladies French Collars and Capes, liner, cotton, thread and mull Edging and inserting, Belt Ribbons, Rob Roy embroidered Serges, striped and plain Cashmere de Laine, black silk lace; a large assortment of Jules Haules Perfumery, together with every other article kept in a *Fancy Dry Goods Store.*

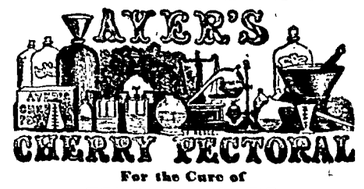
In the Gentlemen's department may be found superfine black and blue black French Frock and Dress Coats, do Fancy Pants, silk, satin, Marseilles & Valencia Vests; Shirts, Collars, Cravats, Half Hose, Gloves, Drawers, Under Shirts, Handkerchiefs, &c.

A large assortment of India Rubber Goods, Cloths, Cassimeres; Tweeds, Cashmerets, Sentinets. Also, 50 pieces Carpeting, Matting, Oil Cloths, Hearth Rugs, &c., &c.

The above enumeration embraces but a small part of my stock of goods—suffice it to say, I have one of the most complete assortments ever before offered in this market, and pledge myself to sell cheaper than any other establishment in this section of the country; the Herculean puffs and advertisements of others to the contrary. Come and look through my stock, and my word for it you will not go away dissatisfied. My system of business is on the Cash plan, and I am hereby enabled to undersell any firm west of Buffalo, for as well might the Ethiopean change his skin or the Leopard his spots, as any Merchant in Erie to attempt to compete with me in prices, who sells goods on the credit system—it can't be done. Therefore I say again to those who pay cash for goods, that if they will call on me at Commercial Exchange, I will astonish them by showing goods at lower prices than the *same qualities have ever been offered in this market.* The Greeks and Gentiles must stand aside, for the Jew has the inside track.

MOSES KOCH.

Erie, Sept. 7, 1850. n17



For the Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP ASTHMA and CONSUMPTION

IN offering to the community this justly celebrated remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, it is not our wish to trifle with the lives or health of the afflicted, but frankly lay before them the opinions of distinguished men and some of the evidences of its success, from which they can judge for themselves. We sincerely pledge ourselves to make no wild assertions or false statements of its efficacy, nor will we hold out any hope to suffering humanity which facts will not warrant.

Many *proofs* are here given, and we solicit an inquiry from the public into all we publish, feeling assured they will find them perfectly reliable, and the medicine worthy the best confidence and patronage.

FROM BENJ. SILLIMAN, M. D. L. L. D., ETC.,

Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, &c., Yale College, Member of the Lit. Hist. Med, Phil. and Scien. Societies of America and Europe,

"I deem the Cherry Pectoral an admirable composition from some of the best articles in the Materia Medica, and a very effective remedy for the class of diseases it is intended to cure."

New Haven, Ct., Nov. 1, 1849.

PROF. CLEAVELAND, of Bowdoin College, Maine, writes—"I have witnessed the effects of your "Cherry Pectoral" in my own family and that of my friends, and it gives me satisfaction to state in its favor that no medicine I have ever known has proved so eminently successful in curing diseases of the throat and lungs."

HEAR THE PATIENT.

Dr. Ayer—Dear Sir: For two years I was afflicted with a very severe cough, accompanied by spitting of blood and profuse night sweats. By the advice of my attending physician I was induced to use your CHERRY PECTORAL, and continued to do so until I considered myself cured, and ascribe the effect to your preparation. JAMES RANDALL.

Hamden st. Springfield, Nov. 27, 1848.

This day appeared the above named James Randall, and pronounced the above statement true in every respect.

LORENZO NORTON, Justice.

THE REMEDY THAT CURES.

PORTLAND, Me., January 10, 1847.

Dr. Ayer: I have been long afflicted with *Asthma* which grew yearly worse until last autumn, it brought on a cough which confined me in my chamber, and began to assume the alarming symptoms of consumption. I had tried the best advice and the best medicine to no purpose, until I used your Cherry Pectoral, which has cured me, and you may well believe me. Gratefully yours.

J. D. PHELPS.

If there is any value in the judgement of the wise, who speak from experience, here is a medicine worthy of the public confidence.

PREPARED BY J. C. AYER, CHEMIST, LOWELL, MS.

Sold in Erie by J. H. BURTON & CO., and by Druggists generally throughout the State. tyn17

PURE LINSEED OIL.—*400 gallons for sale, at the lowest market price, at No. 1, Hughes' Building, State street, Erie, Pa.*

August 31, 1850. P. HALL.

3000 LBS. pure and extra white Lead ground in oil, ready for use; also, a large supply Pure Dry White Lead for sale in small or large quantities on the most reasonable terms, No. 1 Hughes' Buildings. P. HALL.

August 31. n16

6000 Lbs. Fire Proof Paint, assorted colors, for sale by the pound or barrel. P. HALL.

Aug. 31

KRIMNITZ White, Vandyke, Brown, Drop Black, Ivory Black, Lamp Black, various qualities, Spanish Brown, Venitian Red of superior qualities, selling at reduced prices, by

August 31, 1850. P. HALL.

300 GALLONS Spirits Turpentine by the gallon or barrel, for sale low, by H. HALL.

August 31. n16

TANNERS' Oil by the gallon or barrel, as cheap as can be bought in Erie county, for sale by P. HALL.

August 31, n16

BRUSHES.—Paint, Varnish, White Wash, Shoe, Scouring, Scrubbing, Horse, Hat, Shaving, Cloth, Hair, Flesh, Nail, Teeth, Crumb, Counter and

IN QUART BOTTLES,
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL
DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE
OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE
SYSTEM, VIZ:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Boils, Chronic Sore eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Dizziness arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Acidity of the Stomach, Impurities of the blood, &c., Chronic Constitutional Disorders, &c.

THIS Medicine has acquired a very extended and well established reputation wherever it has been used, based entirely on its own merits, which it is sure to effect a result to be sustained. The unfortunate result of some many cases with which Quacks, &c., contrived always, and have still success has been restored to health and vigor. The sore Eye, extensively with ulcers, loathsome to himself and his attendants, has been made whole. *Hundreds of persons*, who had resorted to drugs closely for years under cutaneous and glandular diseases, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints arising from a derangement from the secretive organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tomb of disease, and have, in the most grateful manner, gladly testify to the efficacy of this unrivalled preparation. The testimony of those who have been cured by its use, with their residences, has been published from time to time and were it desirable, a mass of the most overwhelming character could be brought forward, presenting such a perfect parallel to each and every other *remedy of any kind during the time it has been going on, as have I taken, &c.*

Place a case of this long desired medicine at hand, which I think it may date to use? Yours, &c. the Sarsaparilla in the house, with the directions for its use, and you will never be without it. Many thousands have been saved to the afflicted by its use, and I am not disposed to satisfy them for a few dollars. I can only say that I am now well, and have been restored to perfect health, and that in the space of three weeks, and was able to work in two weeks from the time she commenced taking it.

In witness of the truth of this statement, I have hereunto affixed my name, this 19th day of September, 1837.

JOSEPH McCOTTER, J. P.

Mouth of Nease River, Craven Co., N. C.

FIFTEEN CURED OF SIXTEEN YEAR'S STANDING.

This case was published in July, 1841, & before then no symptoms of a return, and her health still continues good.—Ed. Sun.

New York, July 24, 1841.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate Cancerous Ulcer on my breast.

I was advised for eighteen months by a regular and skilful physician, as recommended by the advice and I opposed it on one of the most able and experience I ever met, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer was resorted to for five weeks in succession on my breast was buried with a mixture three times and a half, an ingredient was daily scraping with a weak solution of the nitric acid, and the cavity or hollow it was made so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The doctor pretended the ulcer and eradicate the cancer, and I at the same was advancing rapidly to the grave, and I felt that I must certainly perish by medicine or by an operation, the result of either of which I have seen in the last two I operated on. In this extremity, as gathering information from what had been done, and I was rapidly growing worse, I almost despaired of recovery, and considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials an I certificates of cure by the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla, and as somewhat in my work, concluded to try it, I procured several which some months, from the diplomated, hair scter of my doctor, perhaps I am very desirous I change, considering it as a terribly painful cure for any other, I persevered until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over seven months since the cure was conducted, there is not the slightest appearance of a return. *I therefore from the very bottom of my soul the cure as I received with same great gratitude as I look on other benefits of any kind during the time I have been going on, or have I taken, &c.*

Please accept